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CLEANING THE TENDERLOIN.

When Sheehan came down from the Bronx to take charge of the Tenderloin police station; when Walsh was transferred there in the closing days of the Partridge administration; when Commissioner Greene moved O'Reilly up to this more responsible post as a reward for his good work downtown, each captain marked the beginning of his new duties by a public statement of what he expected to accomplish in the way of "cleaning the Tenderloin" and set a time limit for its purification.

The Evening World took occasion to doubt their ability to "make good." It reminded them that though captains had come and gone the Tenderloin was still wide open. And it pointed out that to move the greater vested interests of vice there was not only a harder task than to purify an east side precinct, but it was practically beyond the power of a police captain.

Full confirmation of this opinion is had in Gen. Greene's statement to the public yesterday on beginning his efforts for the reform of this notorious precinct.

"O'Reilly," says the Commissioner, "is an honest man. I am satisfied he has done the best he could. He has had to contend with men and circumstances he could not control."

District-Attorney Jerome, while admitting that the Tenderloin "isn't clean now and hasn't been since he was a boy," thinks it could be cleaned within two weeks.

This would be a herculean task, and it implies no disparagement of the Commissioner's ability and earnestness to allow him a larger time limit within which to give even a satisfactory assurance that he can accomplish what hitherto has been deemed the impossible.

The banishment of thirty-one patrolmen to distant precincts and the transfer of others to new posts indicate an energetic beginning by the Commissioner of reformatory measures, from which the public will be hopeful of good results.

Incidentally, it would like to know whether it is these banished policemen or officials higher up that O'Reilly "could not control."

SUNDAY BASEBALL.

The warm debate in committee at Albany of the Burke bill to permit the playing of amateur baseball on Sunday brought out very forcible arguments for and against the measure.

The main objections were that the licensing of Sunday baseball would increase the number of men who labor on that day, now 5,000,000; that it would tend to break down the American Sabbath; that it was opposed by the best public sentiment.

The arguments in favor of the measure were that it boys are not allowed to indulge in the harmless pastime of baseball on Sunday they will frequent saloons and other objectionable resorts.

"On this question," said Assemblyman Bacon, "the clergymen are allied with the saloon-keepers in their opposition."

There is something in Mr. Bacon's point of view, and the fact that the Young Men's Catholic Union, of Buffalo, with a membership of 20,000, favors the passage of the bill will not be without its weight.

A game of amateur baseball on Sunday means the entire afternoon given up to an exciting sport, where idleness might lead to the passing of some part of the afternoon in far less commendable diversion. Perhaps if noise were not so great a feature of the game popular opinion might come to tolerate Sunday baseball as it tolerates Sunday golf.

COSTLY STREET OPENING.

An idea of the burden inflicted on Bronx, Queens and Richmond boroughs in the unnecessary expense attending the opening of new streets is gained from Mr. George J. Clarke's letter to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment regarding the defects of the existing system. According to Mr. Clarke:

At present there are upwards of eight hundred proceedings for acquiring title to streets and avenues in all the boroughs. In each proceeding there are three commissioners of estimate and assessment receiving a \$10 a day allowance for each session. The law requires at least ten sittings in every proceeding, so that the commissioners' fees cannot be less than \$300. Other necessary expenditures for clerk hire, stenographers, office rent, etc., would swell the outlay in each proceeding by a considerably larger sum. It is an inside estimate to say that the smallest amount which a street opening proceeding can cost is \$1,000, and this would be a case in which there was no discussion and the whole matter was purely formal in character.

That is to say, the aggregate cost of the mere technical preparatory work of opening these eight hundred streets may reach \$1,000,000, which becomes a burdensome tax on property holders. In the case of the owner of a modest corner lot it entails a needlessly heavy assessment which he is frequently ill prepared to pay.

Cannot a simpler system be devised for accomplishing the same work more expeditiously and less extravagantly? Would not the creation of a Department of Street Opening and the substitution of salaries for fees do away with the most objectionable features of the present system, mainly the excessive expense resulting from adjournment and delay?

There is much to be said against the loose and costly proceedings now necessary to effect what should be effected, in justice to small property holders, with all possible economy.

FREAK LEGISLATION.

The Missouri Legislature is considering a bill providing for the

Taxation, branding and licensing of foreign lords and nobles, real gnomes, bogies and frauds, and providing severe penalties for the violation of such law to the end that the young women of our great State may be protected from and fully warned against the speculation in such risky and dangerous characters.

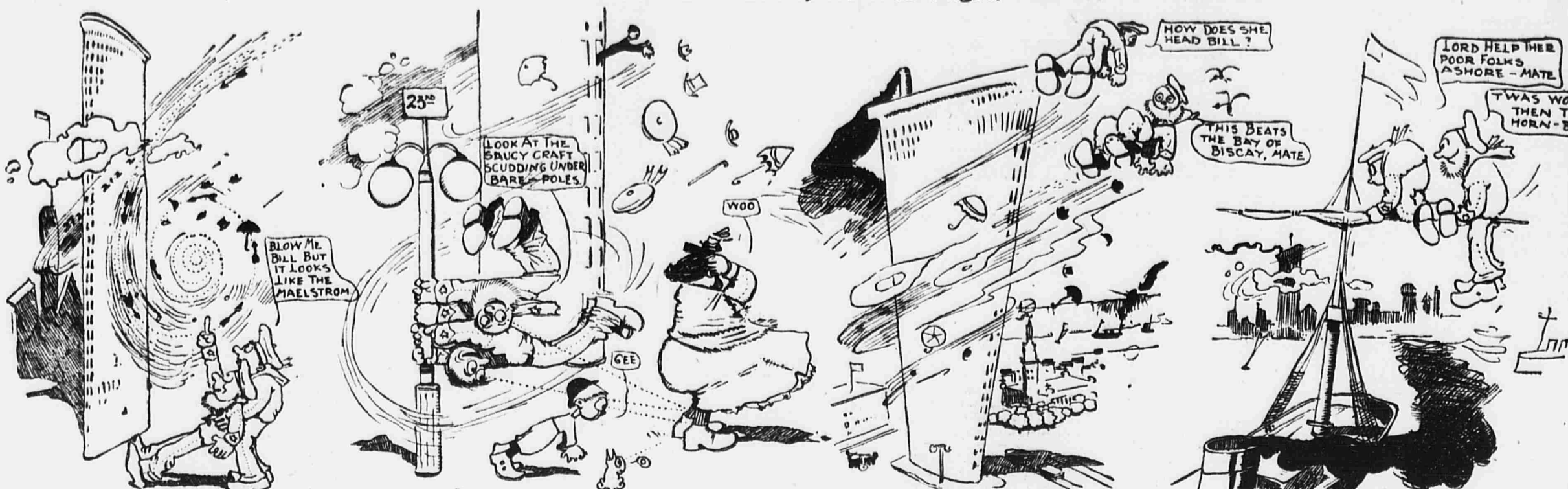
In the Tennessee Legislature a bill has been introduced making unsanitary kissing unlawful and providing a penalty for kisses given or received by persons not carrying licenses from a Board of Health certifying to their freedom from disease that might be conveyed by contact of the lips.

And in Bayonne the Board of Health has finally tabled a resolution making any woman wearing a long skirt in the streets guilty of a misdemeanor.

At the present rate of progress in paternal legislation another generation may find itself completely protected and guarded by statutes and ordinance from all possible danger. But will the life be drearily monotonous with everything done by rule and with no opportunity of choice given?

THE TWO JOLLY TARS ARE WRECKED ON THE FLATIRON REEFS.

Artist Harriman Depicts Their Plight.



THE OLD JOKES' HOME.

By Roy L. McCardell.

THERE is a conspiracy on foot to belittle our efforts for the public good. Rumors of an organization of vaudeville monologists, minstrel men, newspaper joke writers and other suspicious characters to raid the Old Jokes' Home and release the inmates and put them to work again have reached our ears. But public opinion is with us. The more reasonable of the old jokes themselves feel grateful at the enforced rest accorded them. We therefore cannot endorse the sentiments of the following self-confessed taskmaster of old and feeble jokes:

A Confession and a Protest.

Prof. Josh M. A. Long:
I see that you have inaugurated a movement to establish the Old Jokes' Home, an institution for the retirement of ancient mirth provokers. While your efforts to some may seem philanthropic, to me they appear to be misdirected, for the following reasons:

1. No joke is so old that it has not a mission on earth.
2. The fact that a joke is old shows conclusively that it is good or it would have died long ago.
3. Among human beings it is commonly supposed that the good die young. I am not so with jokes.

4. Nearly every joke has a laugh or a smile in it, and the older the joke the more numerous the laughs and smiles for which it is responsible.

Only yesterday I said to a daughter of Eve:

"Fine day for the race?"
"The human race," said I sheepishly. Now that joke to my knowledge is 28 years old, but will you say it should be retired when I tell you that the wrinkled "fair one" lost four bone buttons off her green raglan and almost parted forever with a beautiful set of 32 store teeth during her exhibition of innocent mirth?

Did it ever occur to you to compare the good old jokes to the sturdy oak, or perhaps the hardy chestnut? They have weathered the storms of years; nearly everybody hides behind them at one time or another, and the "woods is full of 'em."

Good man, spare that tree.
With "chestnut" laden bough;
In youth it tickled me
And I'll protect it now.

Do not retire a single ancient joke, say I. Brush them up occasionally, trot them out, keep them moving to the innermost parts of the earth and thus try to spread the sunshine which this old world of ours so sadly needs.

EDWIN A. OLIVER,
Jokesmith of Yonkers (N. Y.) Statesman.

Sent In for a Long Rest.

Prof. Josh M. A. Long:
Reserve, if you please, a place in your hospital for the following dispirited and crippled jokes:

1.—How many ladies would it take to reach from New York to Chicago? One thousand, because a miss is as good as a mile.

2.—First End Man—Can you make a sentence using the two words "narrative" and "trickling"? ("Narrative" means a short tale and "trickling" means "running slowly.")

Second End Man—No, it is impossible. First End Man—Well, I can. Second End Man—Go ahead.

First End Man—"While I was walking up Broadway the other day I saw a little dog trickling down the street with a tin can tied to his narrative."

3.—What is the most profitable business to engage in? The rag business. It is always "picking up."

4.—First Dutchman—It seems to me that you are getting very fat.

Second Dutchman—Yes, I am rather stout; but I've got a sister Lena.

5.—Teacher—Tommy, how is the earth divided?

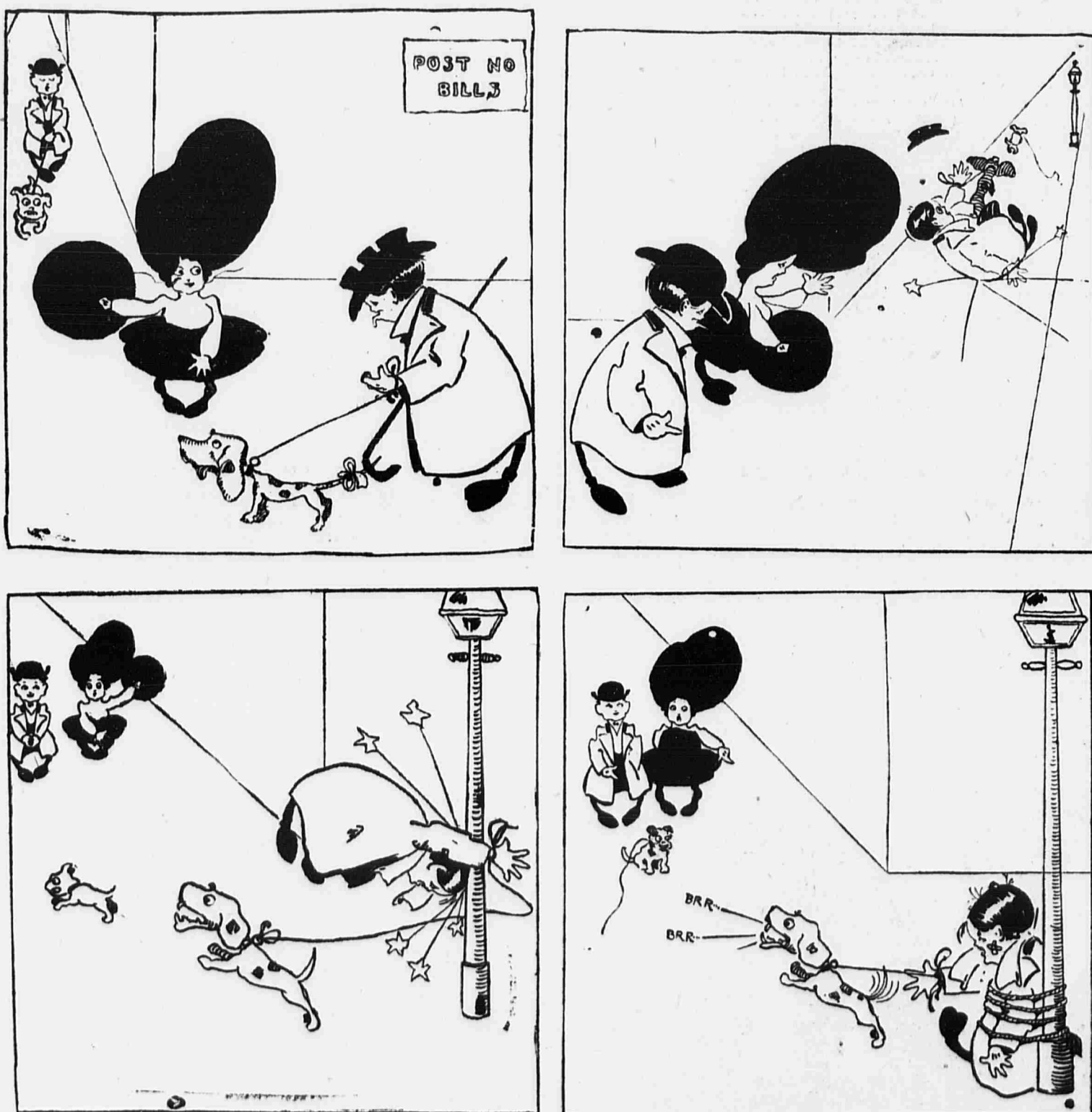
Tommy (after much thought)—Between the Coal Trust and the Standard Oil Company.

6.—A lady went into a picture store the other day and wanted to see some paintings. She said: "Let me see something in oil." She was shown a picture of John D. Rockefeller.

7.—He—Are you going to the dog show this week?

She—Yes, and I think it will be a howling success.

BESSIE BIGHAT CHANGES ESCORTS ON THE WAY TO THE DOG SHOW.



TATTOOING DOGS.

"Baltimore has a man who is earning an excellent living tattooing dogs. Buffalo has a man who is willing to do so," said Robert S. Jackson, a travelling salesman, in a writer for the Philadelphia Press.

"So many canine pets have gone astray of late that the owners of valued barkers have been compelled to adopt some means of identifying their property in case it should stray; or be stolen; hence a resort to the tattoo."

Contrary to the belief of some that the operation is a painful one, those who have seen it performed declare that the animals apparently experienced little pain. The operation lasts about fifteen minutes. The animal is usually held by two men, one having hold of the hind legs, while the other holds the front paws. With a set of very fine needles the operator then goes to work, deftly picking the letters into the skin, just deep enough to draw a few drops of blood. Then he pours the India ink over the wounds, or, rather, scratches, and the operation is over. In a few weeks the sores are completely healed, and the animal bears during the remainder of its existence an unmistakable mark of identification. The price of the operation is 50 cents."

ALASKAN RICHES.

Oil experts say the oil fields of Southern Alaska will soon rival the fields of Pennsylvania in production. Edward Fallon, a veteran oil prospector, has returned from Kayak, where he has been locating oil lands for a syndicate. He says that evidences of oil are found everywhere there.

MINUTE VIBRATIONS.

The vibration of the diaphragm of a telephone receiver is not easily measured, but the best calculation is said to show a movement of about one twenty-millionth of an inch.

STATE NICKNAMES.

Wisconsin people are called Badgers; Nevadans, Sage Hens; Texans, Beef Heads; Californians, Gold Hunters; New Yorkers, Knickerbockers; and West Virginians, Panhandlers.

THE PASSING OF POLITENESS.

As Shown in the Dallas Episode.

By Harriet Hubbard Ayer.

ACCORDING to a telegram from Dallas, Tex., Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt sent a handkerchief to be sold at a Dallas, Tex., entertainment which has created a storm among the women who are managing the affair. Remarks were made in regard to Mrs. Roosevelt's taste in handkerchiefs which were uncomplimentary in the extreme. It was moved and seconded that the "piece of cotton" should be returned to Mrs. Roosevelt after it had been exhibited.

It is a very humiliating thing to lose one's temper on any occasion because we know that with the temper one loses all possible claim to dignity and respect.

But when a collection of ladies throw their aggregation of tempers to the winds, as did the committee at Dallas, and speak their minds out in meeting, the immediate result is to raise up champions for the gentlewoman to whom an insult of a very personal character was thus gratuitously offered. Mrs. Roosevelt is not in public office. She is a modest, amiable and refined lady whose husband is President of the United States.

Because she is the President's wife she is besieged every day of her life by every post with requests for donations, autographs, photographs, interviews, from men, women and children from every corner of the land.

No one woman in the world could attend to even the acknowledgment of the requests Mrs. Roosevelt receives and find time to do anything else.

The ladies of Dallas, Tex., who wrote to Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt asking her to contribute a gift that could be sold at the Columbia Reception in aid of the fund for the free kindergarten undoubtedly failed to mention the amount of the donation from Mrs. Roosevelt was expected to represent.

They omitted to state their views regarding the textiles they favored.

They asked for a contribution from a very much imposed upon and always courteous gentlewoman. They received a gift—which after all was a gift.

I know nothing about the money value or the fabric of Mrs. Roosevelt's gift. But I am sure I voice the sentiments of all right thinking women when I say there can be no possible excuse for offering Mrs. Roosevelt an insult in return for what she intended as a courtesy.

The ladies of Dallas, Tex., who expressed indignation at what they called "a cheap, tacky cotton machine-made handkerchief," and who voted to return the gift with an insult attached to the donor, are certainly putting themselves in an unenviable position and exposing many flaws in the traditional Southern code of politeness.

If the handkerchief kindly sent by Mrs. Roosevelt be rudely flung back, the insult will not injure the gentlewoman who is the mistress of the White House.

It will, perhaps, tend toward establishing a rule which will give the wife of the President of the United States the right to a fraction of the privacy and independence of the wife of a day laborer, and so will serve a useful purpose, for which we may be properly appreciative.

Good manners are kindly manners. Gently bred women may not admire Mrs. Roosevelt's taste in handkerchiefs—that is their privilege—but also they may not offer an insult to the donor without putting themselves on record as sadly in need of a lesson or two in politeness.

As an after thought—was there really anything so despicable about the handkerchief or are we still fighting the old war?

JUST TWO WOMEN.

By Roy L. McCardell.

"YOU dear thing! How nice of you to come to see me!" "Oh, well, my dear, I knew you would be lonely, but I am bothered to death by so many gentlemen callers that I just said to myself, 'I'll run over and see Lulu,' for, as I said to myself, there's nothing so restful as a talk with a plain, sensible girl who isn't annoyed by a lot of foolish fellows making love to her."

"Oh, yes, since I have become engaged I refuse to see any of those silly boys. But I dare say they are just as well pleased. They like a girl whose conversation is never beyond their mental grasp."

"Hem! How lovely that old broadcloth dress looks since you've had it dyed and made over."

"Whatever is the matter with your eyes, Lottie? And now, come to think of it, dear, I've been noticing you squint dreadfully, but really you must wear spectacles. They might be becoming to you. But can't you see that this is a new Venetian cloth gown? But, then, poor dear, you don't get out of that cheaply dressed Harlem boarding-house crowd and so your mistake is excusable."

"You are right, dear. I see now it is Venetian, but I've never seen these cheaper weaves before, and, any way, you sat in the dark so. Really, Lulu, sitting in the dark has become such a habit with you. But don't despair, dear. I knew a girl who had even a worse complexion than you and got rid of it."

"Now, Lottie, don't worry about my complexion, dear girl. It is all right. You rouse so dreadfully that my natural complexion seems pale to you. Now, I don't want you to feel hurt, but several people have asked me not to go out with you, you look so bold."

"Lulu, dear, nobody knows better than you that I never put on a thing but a little powder on my nose, and that's only a habit, for my nose isn't at all shiny like yours is, dear. And now I must be going. I just ran in for a moment."

"Won't you stay to luncheon, dear? I know you must be sick of that awful table they set where you board; but, then, of course, it is a VERY reasonable place."

"No, dearest, really the place is very expensive and the table is excellent. I would invite you to dinner, but as you don't keep a maid I know you have the housework done."

"Good-by, dear" (kiss).
"Good-by" (kiss).
"So kind of you to call!"

A QUESTION FOR HIS BARBER.

Philosophy may not be a feminine gift, but there is one tiny maiden who is never content unless she knows the "cause why" of things. She endeavors as a rule to solve the small problems which come within her range of vision herself, and does not ask until she has given up all hope of answering the question herself. Great-Uncle Robert, who was at the small maiden's house the other day, is a great favorite, with a shining bald head, a long beard and a pleasant smile. He had been lying on the couch for some time, and the small girl had been sitting near in deep meditation. Finally she drew a deep sigh, as of great disappointment, and drew near the couch, evidently prepared to ask a question.

"Well, what is it, little one?" asked Uncle Robert.

"Uncle Robert," said the little girl, "how did it happen that all your hair slipped off your head down on to your chin?"

CATCHING LIZARDS.

Nearly half the boys in New Orleans are catching lizards and making good pocket money by doing so. The price started at twenty-five cents a hundred, and the dealers found many boys willing to catch them at that figure; but the price has lately gone up to fifty cents a hundred. They are wanted by a San Francisco man, who expects to make the lizards useful in catching the insects which are hurting the fruit in California.